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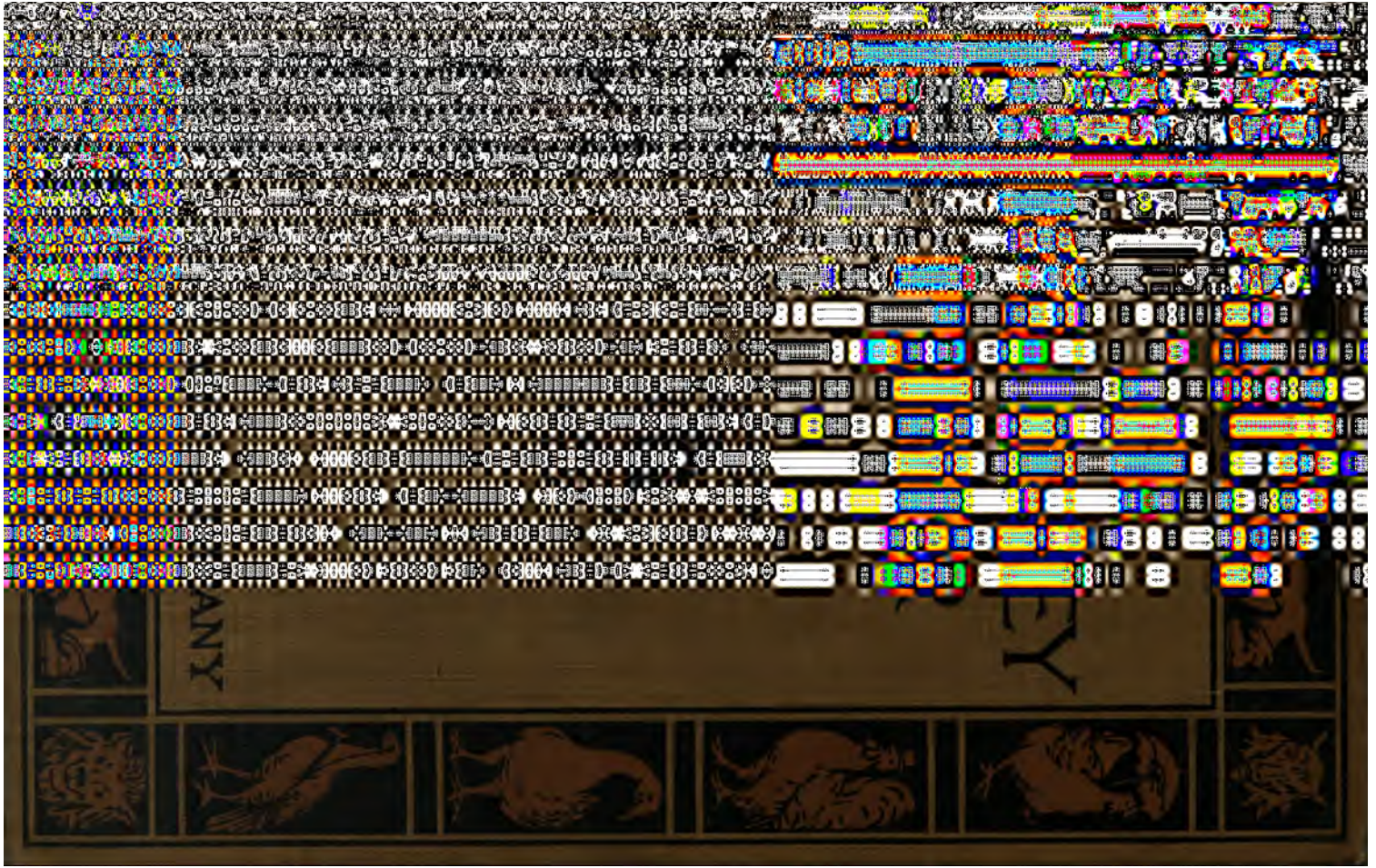

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THE McCLOSKEY READERS

PRIMER

THE

McCLOSKEY PRIMER

BY

MARGARET ORVIS McCLOSKEY

ILLUSTRATED BY

CHARLES COPELAND

GINN AND COMPANY

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TO

JAMES C. McDONALD

PREFACE

Practical results and realized ideals depend, in beginning reading, almost wholly upon the selection and the arrangement of material which combines in the highest degree power to attract, technical simplicity, and literary value.

The material which best combines these three essential characteristics is the cumulative tale, — the tale that repeats at each step all that has gone before. This curious type of literary structure is highly dramatic and richly human. It is usually overflowing with humor, and it moves with delightful celerity. These are the qualities which, with the amusing repetition, justify the place of the cumulative tale as an unfailing source of children's love and laughter. Moreover, the fact that among all races and for many ages these tales have satisfied child hunger for romance and for wonder, is convincing proof of their power to meet some special need and to make an everlasting appeal.

In mechanical structure the cumulative tale is so admirably adapted to the needs of beginners in reading as to suggest that it might have been invented for the express purpose of saving children from the stultifying effects of a struggle for mere reading symbols. The simple, logical steps of the story save all strain upon the memory. The vocabulary of the shorter tales is extremely limited: the rhyme of "The Kid" contains only twenty-nine (29) words; "The Kid and the Cabbage," only fourteen (14) that are

new, and after a brief introduction this vocabulary increases more slowly than that of the traditional beginners' reader. The repetition is abundant, and it is, fortunately, a sane repetition, for while the symbols repeat, the story bravely marches on. A consistent extension of this reasonable repetition is secured by placing in proper order a series of tales closely related in thought and in form. In this way this primer provides efficient drill, with no break in the continuity of thought and interest.

The great educational value of this kind of material — material developed by a childlike people to meet a universal need — has long been recognized, and the great German writers on this subject from Herder to Rein, Dr. Harris, Dr. Hall, and a host of others have urged that it be substituted for the trivial, diluted stuff so freely and generally imposed upon the innocent and the helpless. In their power to interest, to develop emotional life, to stimulate the rhythmic sense, and to nourish the imagination, these rhymes and tales are unexcelled. Although given in the form of play, their content is rational, and the succession of events is usually so logical that they are an efficient means of learning a chain of cause and effect. Because these tales furnish general types of character and situation, because they give shadows as well as high lights, because they relieve all situations by the tonic and relaxing properties of humor, because, in short, their highest purpose is to give joy, they are, of their kind, well-nigh perfect in æsthetic and ethical values.

As a foundation for future literary study these rhymes are excellent, since they give in the simplest form types of character and situation which are found in higher

literature. "The Song of the Kid," for example, typifies, by a form easily within the grasp of a little child, the law of retribution, — he who does wrong suffers wrong, — whereas a profound and elaborate treatment of the same theme is found in Shakespeare's *Macbeth*.

A specific value of this particular collection is that the study of the different versions of "The House that Jack Built," as they are told to the children of other lands, affords at the outset a basis for comparison; and it foreshadows the conception and the love of universal literature. No small degree of importance is attached to the fact that in broadening the child's mind to include some idea of his brothers across the sea, his attention is fixed upon similarities rather than upon differences, and that his first feeling is not one of racial prejudice, but, instead, a feeling of sympathy and kinship.

The rhymes and stories in this volume are classic illustrations of seven universally popular cumulative types. Five of these type themes are represented by widely current English tales, and the other two are illustrated by Norse variants, because, in this instance, the Norse versions are simpler and more attractive. The remaining seven tales are Hebrew, French, Scotch, Gaelic, Russian, and Greek variants of two prime English favorites, "The House that Jack Built" and "The Old Woman and her Pig." Thus the two best known cumulative tales are repeated a sufficient number of times to give a fair idea of their modification in different countries and of their remarkable diffusion in all parts of the world. Regardless of their deeper significance, these foreign rhymes merit the emphasis here placed upon them, for they have finer poetic and dramatic

qualities than their English counterparts, and, taken together, they please after the manner of variations on a theme in music.

Practical experiments with these tales as basic material for the first teaching of reading have been made for a period exceeding ten years, in widely different localities, with all classes of English-speaking pupils (including the mentally defective), and with pupils of foreign parentage, who are just learning English. Under all these varied conditions the following results are reported as common: interest never fails; this active interest is constantly stimulated to fresh endeavor by the delightful sense of achievement afforded by the peculiar cumulative structure; the appeal to the intelligence of the child provokes a quick, intelligent response, and soon to every rational exercise, whether in nature, in manual training, or in arithmetic, he brings a new life and power, — "an insight and a stretch."

The reports mentioned agree further in the statement that the exclusive use, in the earliest years, of imagination-nourishing material, presented by a method which, in practice as well as in theory, emphasizes thought and feeling rather than symbols, results in a high degree of educational economy. Not only are the pupils able to deal rapidly and effectively with the formal difficulties of reading, but they become familiar with a better type of form, — a more literary vocabulary, a natural sentence structure, and a simple literary unity.

A knowledge of this higher type of reading symbols, combined with keen interest and mental grasp, enables the first-year pupils to pass directly and easily from this series to the best English versions of Grimm and Andersen,

and late in the first year or early in the second, to such material as *The Adventures of Alice in Wonderland, Pinocchio,* and *Just So Stories.* At this time no mechanical difficulties prevent the enjoyment of good poetry and narrative portions of the English Bible.

But the literary acquisition, the economy of time and effort, and the quickened intelligence resulting from a rational use of this material are, however important, secondary to more fundamental and far-reaching advantages. These are: the child's first conscious study of his mother tongue is stimulated by a sense of need and inspired by a vision of future joy; the loved nursery tale is a bond which unites the home, the kindergarten, and the school, and gives to the new experience a reality, charm, and promise impossible to associate with artificial exercises designed merely to give a reading vocabulary; but the supreme advantage is, that instead of *preparing* for some vague, uncertain future, the child is, from first to last, *living* in the rich land of fancy, — the land of "essential truth."

Acknowledgments for material used are due to G. P. Putnam's Sons for "The Pancake" from Dasent's *Tales from the Fjeld,* and "Henny Penny" from Jacobs' *English Fairy Tales;* to The Lothrop, Lee, and Shepard Company for "The Boy and the Goats" from Poulsson's *Through the Farmyard Gate;* and to David Nutt for "The Cock that crowed in the Morn" and "What We Shall Have" from Garnett's *Greek Folk Poesy.*

M. McC.

NEWARK, NEW JERSEY

CONTENTS

		PAGE
THE KID	*Hebrew Hymn from The Talmud*	15
THE KID AND THE CABBAGE	*French Folk Song*	21
THE COCK THAT CROWED IN THE MORN	*Greek Folk Song*	27
THE HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT	*English Nursery Rhyme*	30
WHAT WE SHALL HAVE	*Greek Nursery Rhyme*	39
THE CAT AND THE MOUSE	*English Folk Tale*	47
THE BILLY GOAT AND NANNY GOAT	*Russian Folk Rhyme*	53
THE WOMAN AND HER BEAUTIFUL BUSH OF BERRIES	*Scotch Folk Tale*	63
THE OLD WOMAN AND HER PIG	*English Folk Tale*	76
MUNACHAR AND MANACHAR	*Gaelic Folk Tale*	88
THE BOY AND THE GOATS	*Norse Folk Tale*	105
HENNY PENNY	*English Folk Tale*	111
THE PANCAKE	*Norse Folk Tale*	123
TITTY MOUSE AND TATTY MOUSE	*English Folk Tale*	138
NOTES AND REFERENCES		149

THE KID

A kid, a kid, my father bought
For two pieces of money:
A kid, a kid.

Then came the cat, and ate
the kid,
That my father bought
For two pieces of money:
A kid, a kid.

Then came the dog, and bit
the cat,
That ate the kid,
That my father bought
For two pieces of money:
A kid, a kid.

Then came the stick, and beat
the dog,
That bit the cat,
That ate the kid,
That my father bought
For two pieces of money:
A kid, a kid.

[illegible] returned

[illegible]

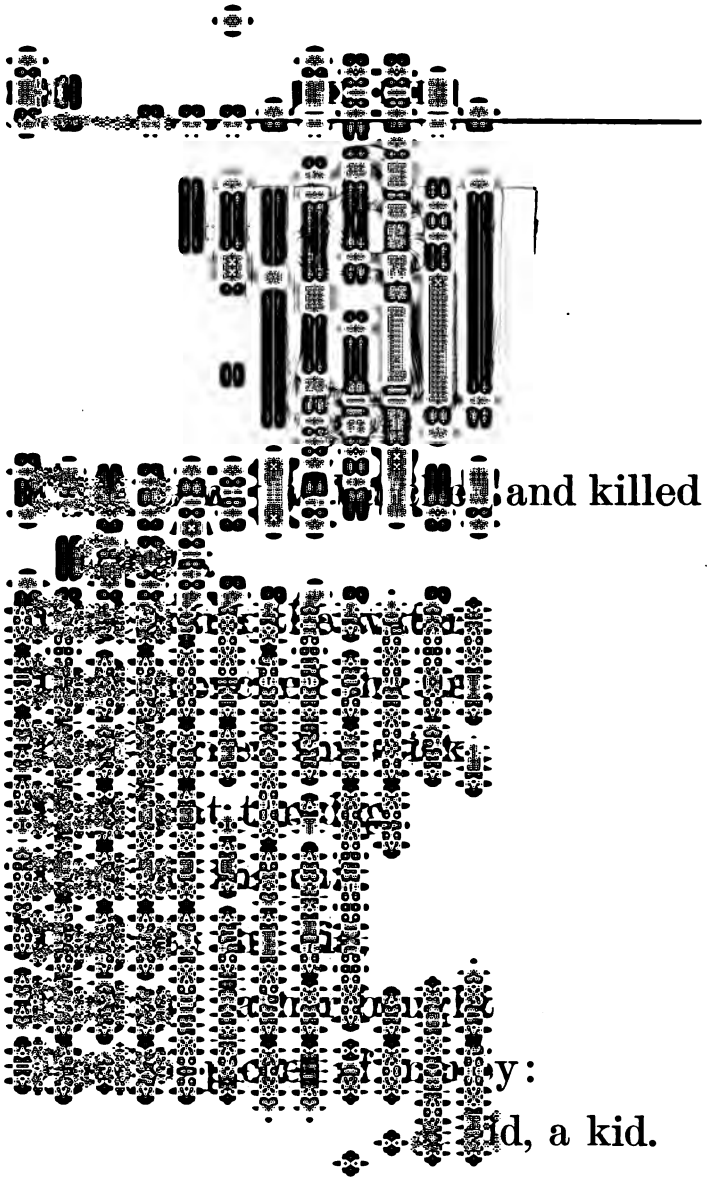
[illegible]

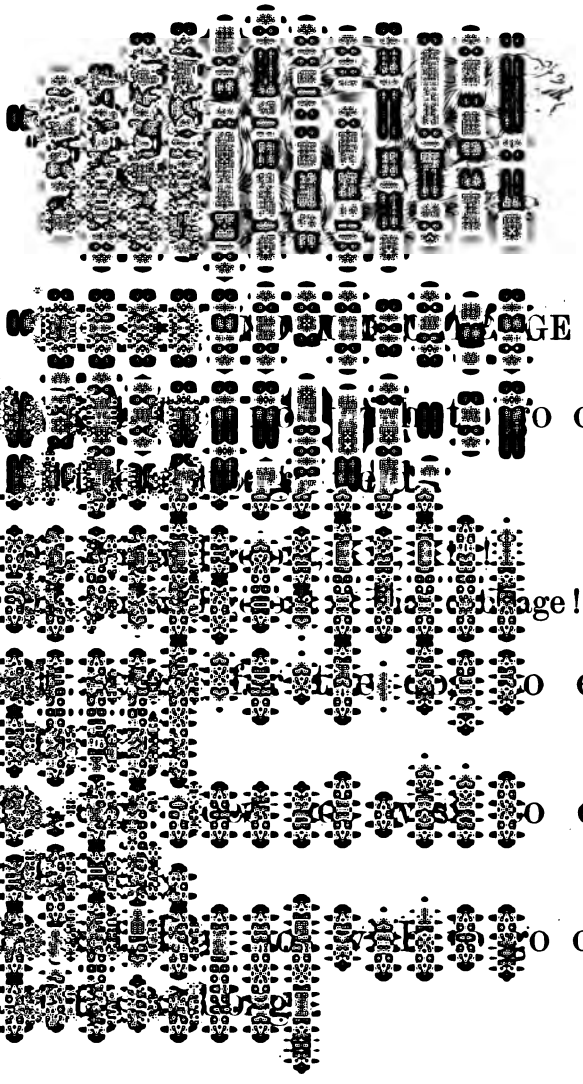
[illegible]

[illegible] Akkad.

[illegible] and
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]

A kid, a kid.





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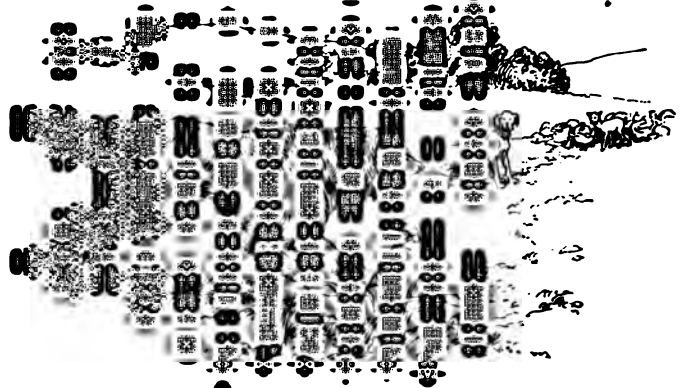
cabbage!



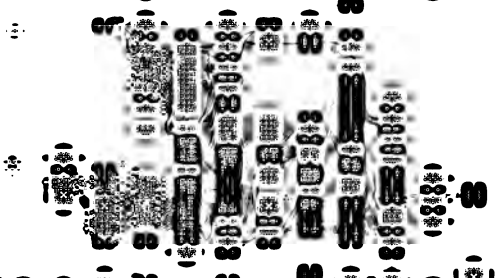
olf to eat

sh to eat

sh to eat

to go out

ge!



eat

o eat

o eat

o eat

o out

Oh, you will go out, Kid, Kid!
Oh, you will go out of that cabbage!

Jack sends for the stick to beat the ox;
The stick does not wish to beat the ox,
The ox does not wish to eat the wolf,
The wolf does not wish to eat the dog,
The dog does not wish to eat the kid,
The kid does not wish to go out of the cabbage.

Oh, you will go out, Kid, Kid!
Oh, you will go out of that cabbage!

burn

burn

beat

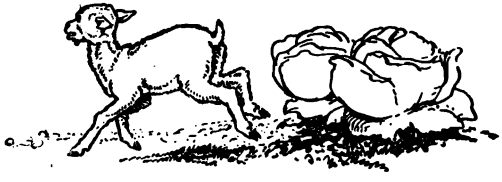
to eat

to eat

go out

Oh, you will go out, Kid, Kid!
Oh, you will go out of that cabbage!

Jack sends for the water to quench the fire;
The water is willing to quench the fire,
The fire is willing to burn the stick,
The stick is willing to beat the ox,
The ox is willing to eat the wolf,
The wolf is willing to eat the dog,
The dog is willing to eat the kid,
The kid is willing to go out of the cabbage.



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tx

morn

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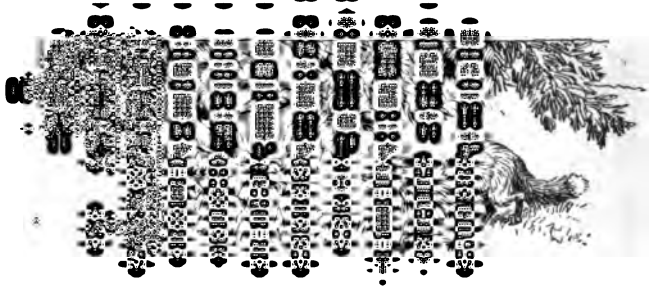


volf

morn

man.

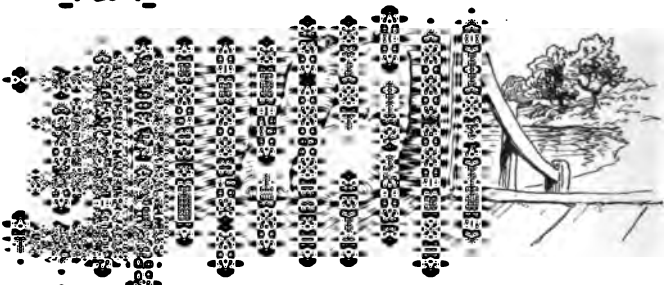
And there came a lion
And ate the wolf,
That ate the fox,
That ate the cat,
That ate the cock,
That crowed in the morn
And awoke the old man.

And there came a river
And drowned the lion,
That ate the wolf,
That ate the fox,
That ate the cat,
That ate the cock,
That crowed in the morn
And awoke the old man.

BUILT

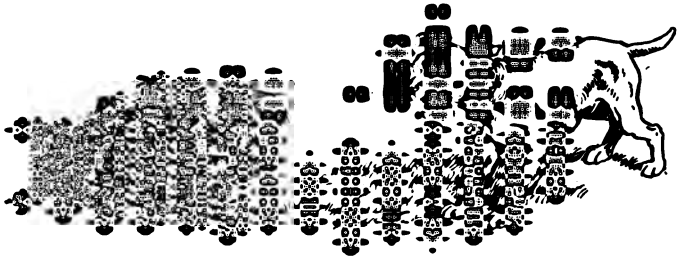
ack built.

hat Jack



hat Jack

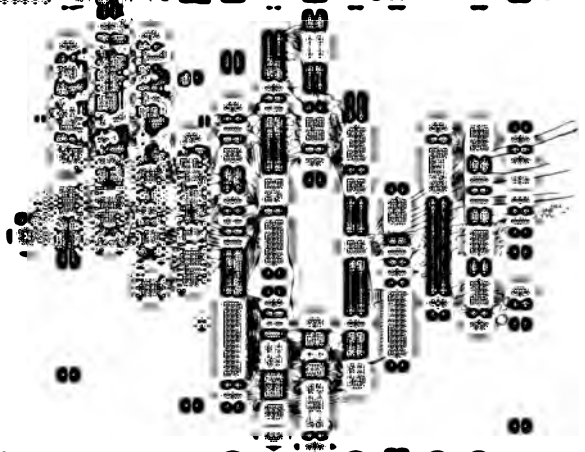
Jack



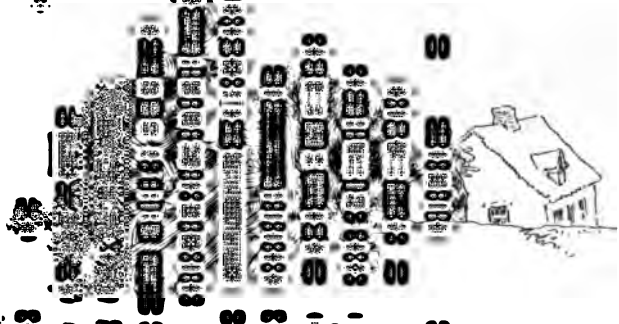
Jack

crumpled

that Jack



Jack



tered and

all forlorn,

with

that Jack

This is the priest all shaven and
shorn,
That married the man all tattered
and torn,
That kissed the maiden all forlorn,
That milked the cow with
the crumpled horn,
That tossed the dog,
That worried the cat,
That killed the rat,
That ate the malt
That lay in the house that Jack
built.

rowed in

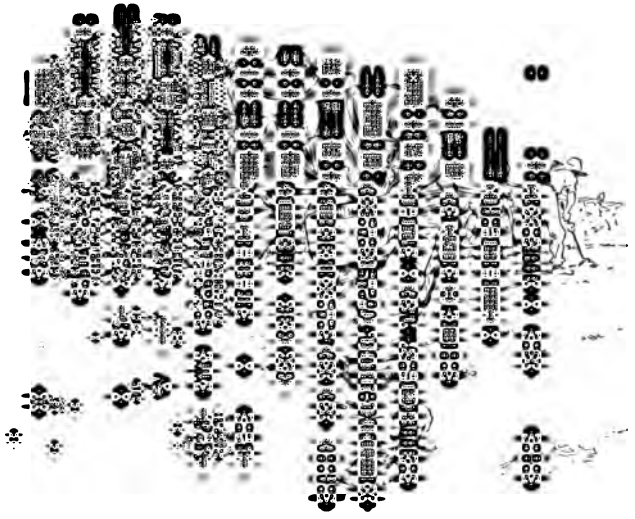
ll shaven

ll tattered

ll forlorn,

th

Jack



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ll shaven

tattered

ll forlorn,

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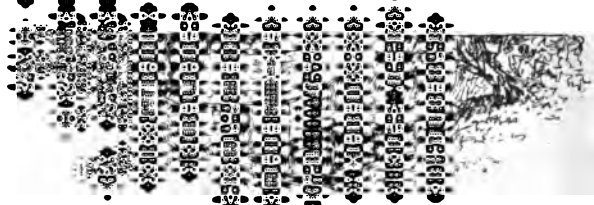
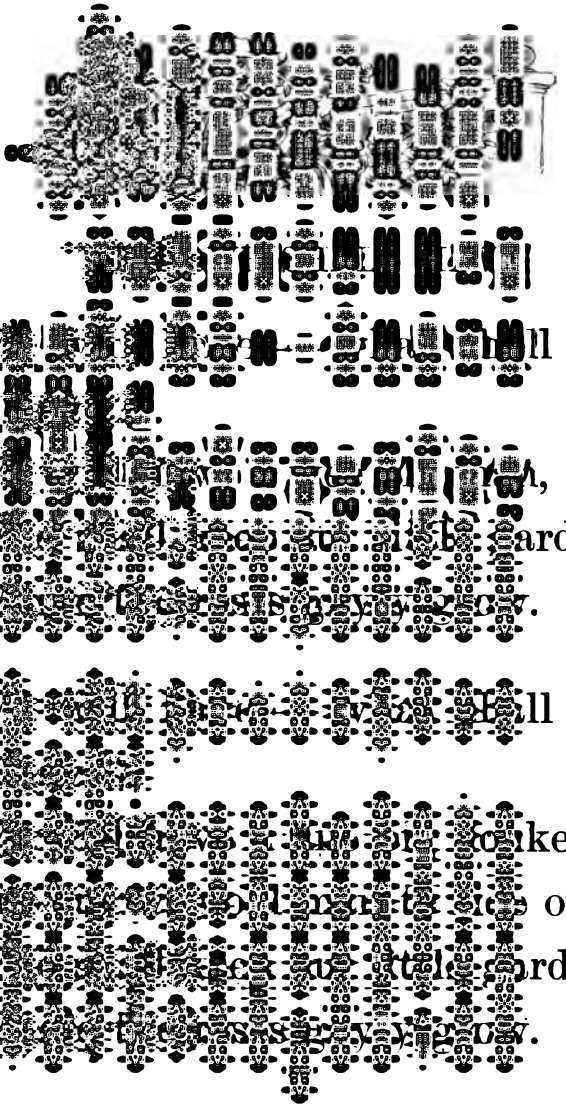
hat Jack





[illegible] shall we

[illegible] asp,

[illegible] fine big

[illegible] old man,

[illegible] garden,

[illegible] grow.

[illegible] we

[illegible]

[illegible] wasp,

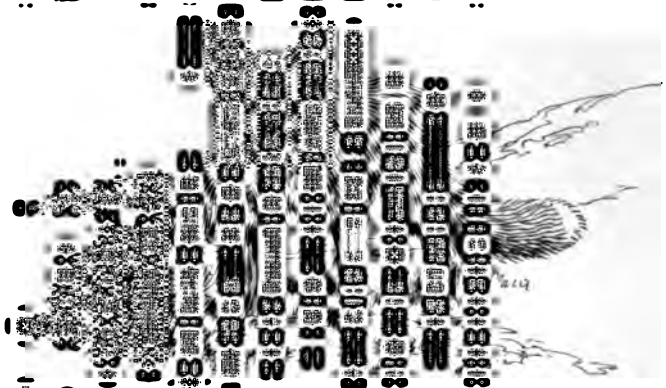
[illegible] big

[illegible]

[illegible] old man,

[illegible] garden,

[illegible].



shall we

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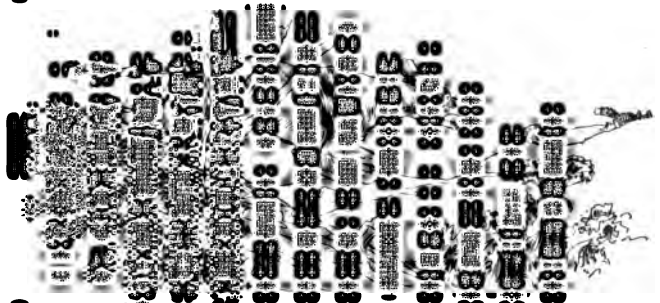
e old man,

le garden,

row.



[illegible] we

[illegible]

[illegible] big

[illegible] man,

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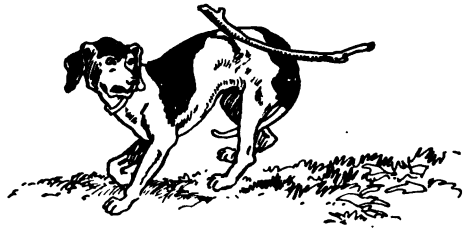
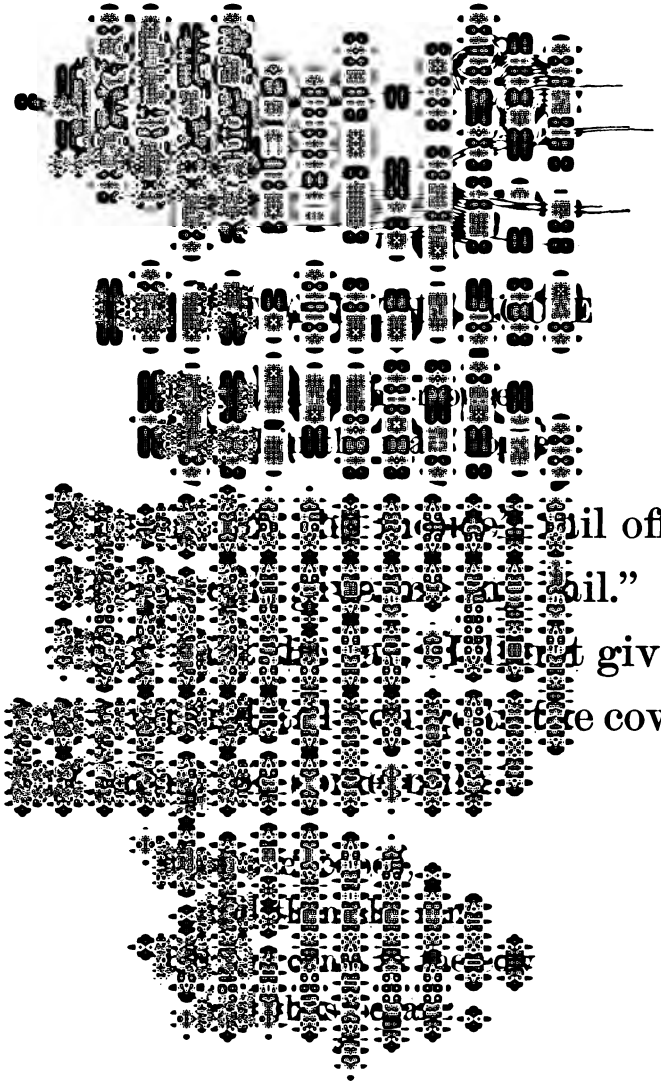
[illegible].



We will have — what shall we have?
We will have a little stick,
That shall beat the little dog,
That shall kill the little fox,
That shall eat the little cock,
That shall eat the little wasp,
That shall sting the fine big donkey,
That shall throw the wee old man,
Who shall keep our little garden,
Where the roses gayly grow.

We will have — what shall we have?
We will have an oven wide,
That shall burn the little stick,
That shall beat the little dog,
That shall kill the little fox,
That shall eat the little cock,
That shall eat the little wasp,
That shall sting the fine big donkey,
That shall throw the wee old man,
Who shall keep our little garden,
Where the roses gayly grow.

We will have — what shall we have?
We will have a river swift,
That shall quench the oven's fire,
That shall burn the little stick,
That shall beat the little dog,
That shall kill the little fox,
That shall eat the little cock,
That shall eat the little wasp,
That shall sting the fine big donkey,
That shall throw the wee old man,
Who shall keep our little garden,
Where the roses gayly grow.



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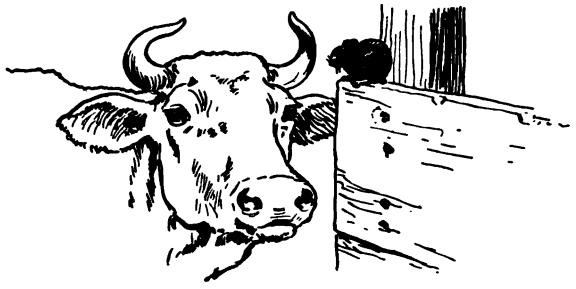


"Pray, cow, give me milk, that I may give cat milk, that cat may give me my own tail again."

"No," said the cow, "I will give you no milk, till you go to the farmer and bring me some hay."

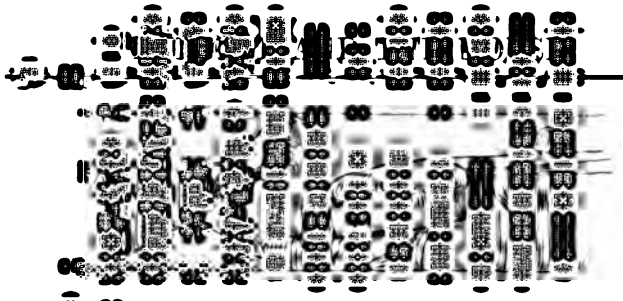
First she leaped,
And then she ran,
Till she came to the farmer
And thus began:

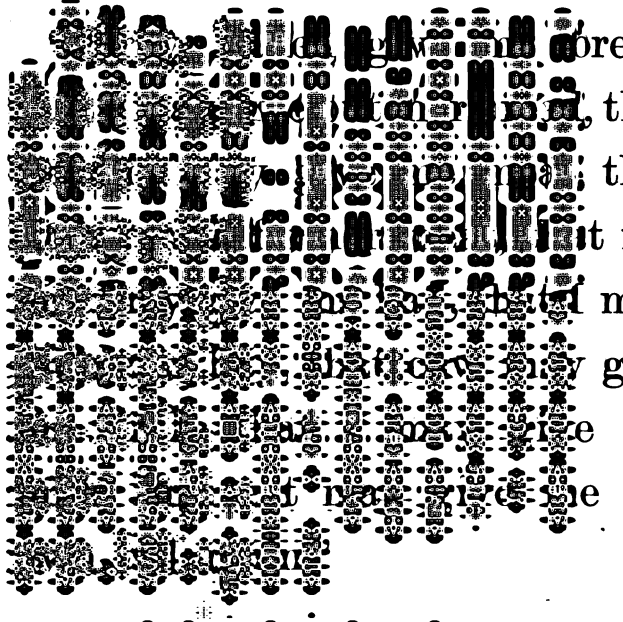
hay,
that
hat I
may
"I 'll
go to
some

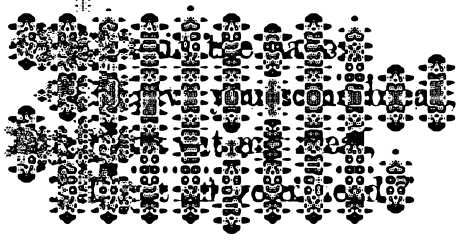
"Pray, butcher, give me meat, that I may give farmer meat, that farmer may give me hay, that I may give cow hay, that cow may give me milk, that I may give cat milk, that cat may give me my own tail again."

"No," said the butcher, "I 'll give you no meat, till you go to the baker and fetch me some bread."

First she leaped,
And then she ran,
Till she came to the baker
And thus began:







[illegible] gave mouse
[illegible] butcher
[illegible] gave mouse
[illegible] farmer
[illegible] mouse hay,
[illegible], and cow
[illegible] mouse gave
[illegible] mouse her

THE BILLY GOAT AND NANNY GOAT

The billy goat sitteth and weepeth;
He hath sent the nanny goat after nuts;
She hath gone away and disappeared.
So the billy goat hath begun to sing this song:

"The nanny goat cometh not with the nuts,
The nanny goat with the red-hot nuts.

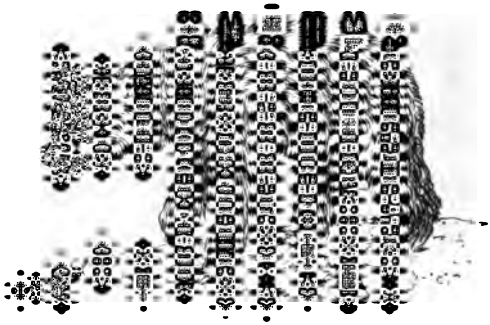
Very good, nanny goat! I'll send the wolf after thee!"

to chase

th the nuts,

ot nuts.

the bear



to kill

to chase

"The nanny goat cometh not with the nuts,
The nanny goat with the red-hot nuts.

Very good, bear! I'll send the man after thee!"

The man will not go to shoot the bear,
The bear will not go to kill the wolf,
The wolf will not go to chase the goat.

"The nanny goat cometh not with the nuts,
The nanny goat with the red-hot nuts.

Very good, man! I'll send the stick after thee!"

[illegible] to beat

[illegible] to shoot

[illegible] to kill

[illegible] to chase

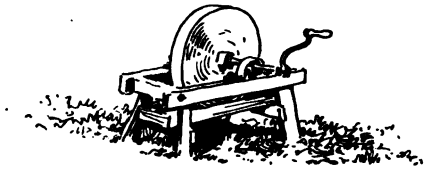
[illegible] th the nuts,
[illegible] to hot nuts.

Very good, stick! I'll send the ax after thee!"

The ax will not go to cut the stick,
The stick will not go to beat the man,
The man will not go to shoot the bear,
The bear will not go to kill the wolf,
The wolf will not go to chase the goat.

"The nanny goat cometh not with the nuts,
The nanny goat with the red-hot nuts.

Very good, ax! I'll send the stone after thee!"



The stone will not go to grind the ax,
The ax will not go to cut the stick,
The stick will not go to beat the man,
The man will not go to shoot the bear,
The bear will not go to kill the wolf,
The wolf will not go to chase the goat.

"The nanny goat cometh not with the nuts,
The nanny goat with the red-hot nuts.

Very good, stone! I'll send the fire after thee!"

The fire will not go to burn the stone,
The stone will not go to grind the ax,
The ax will not go to cut the stick,
The stick will not go to beat the man,
The man will not go to shoot the bear,
The bear will not go to kill the wolf,

The wolf will not go to chase the goat.

"The nanny goat cometh not with the nuts,
The nanny goat with the red-hot nuts.

Very good, fire! I'll send the water after thee!"

The water will not go to quench the fire,
The fire will not go to burn the stone,
The stone will not go to grind the ax,
The ax will not go to cut the stick,
The stick will not go to beat the man,

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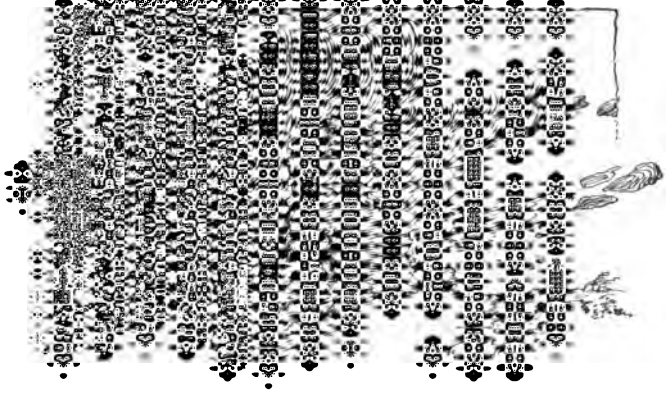
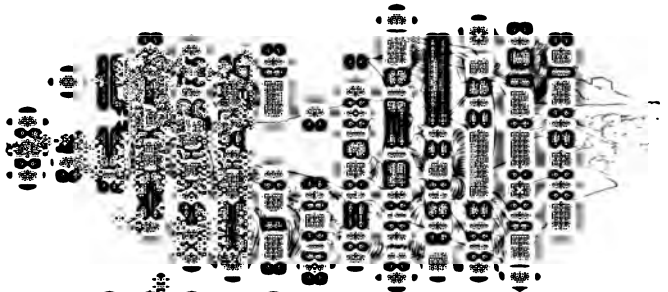


The tempest began to chase
the water,
The water began to quench
the fire,
The fire began to burn the stone,
The stone began to grind the ax,
The ax began to cut the stick,
The stick began to beat the man,
The man began to shoot the bear,
The bear began to kill the wolf,
The wolf began to chase the goat.

"Here is the nanny goat with the nuts,
The nanny goat with the red-hot nuts."



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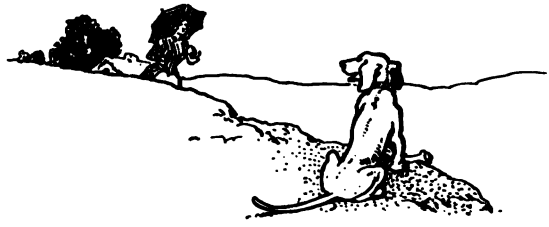
"Indeed, no," said the kid, "I'll not keep your house till you pick your beautiful bush of berries."



Then the woman went to a dog and said:

"Dog, dog, bite kid;

Kid will not keep my house till I pick my beautiful bush of berries."

"Indeed," said the dog, "I'll not bite the kid, for the kid never did me any harm."

Then the woman went to a stick and said:

"Stick, stick, beat dog;
Dog will not bite kid,
And kid will not keep my house till I pick my beautiful bush of berries."

"Indeed," said the stick, "I'll not beat the dog, for the dog never did me any harm."

Then the woman went to a fire and said:

"Fire, fire, burn stick;
Stick will not beat dog,
Dog will not bite kid,
And kid will not keep my house

till I pick my beautiful bush of berries."

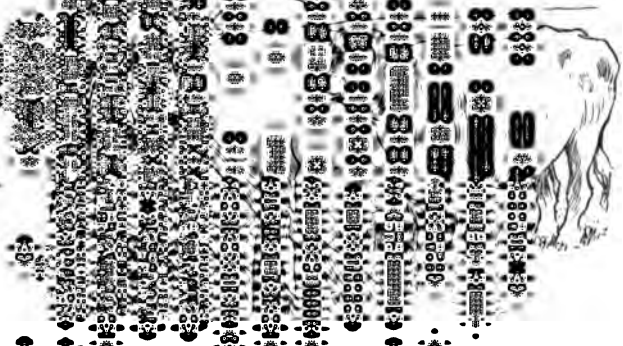
"Indeed," said the fire, "I'll not burn the stick, for the stick never did me any harm."

Then the woman went to some water and said:

"Water, water, quench fire;
Fire will not burn stick,
Stick will not beat dog,
Dog will not bite kid,
And kid will not keep my house till I pick my beautiful bush of berries."

"Indeed," said the water, "I 'll not quench the fire, for the fire

an ox



house

till I pick my beautiful bush of berries."

"Indeed," said the ox, "I 'll not drink the water, for the water never did me any harm."

Then the woman went to an ax and said:

"Ax, ax, strike ox;
Ox will not drink water,
Water will not quench fire,
Fire will not burn stick,
Stick will not beat dog,
Dog will not bite kid,
And kid will not keep my house till I pick my beautiful bush of berries."

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smith

Stick will not beat dog,
Dog will not bite kid,
And kid will not keep my house till I pick my beautiful bush of berries."

"Indeed," said the smith, "I 'll not grind the ax, for the ax never did me any harm."

Then the woman went to a rope and said:

"Rope, rope, hang smith;
Smith will not grind ax,
Ax will not strike ox,
Ox will not drink water,
Water will not quench fire,
Fire will not burn stick,

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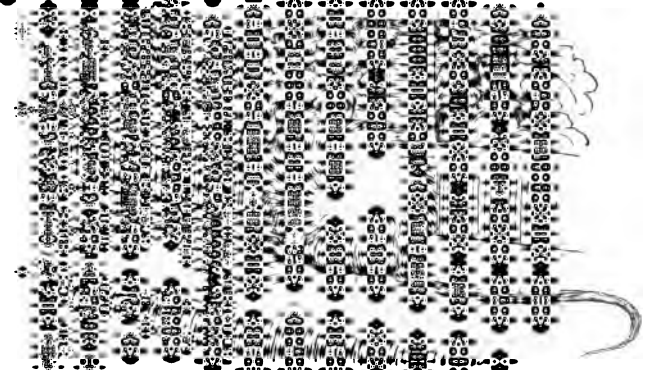

mouse

"Mouse, mouse, gnaw rope;
Rope will not hang smith,
Smith will not grind ax,
Ax will not strike ox,
Ox will not drink water,
Water will not quench fire,
Fire will not burn stick,
Stick will not beat dog,
Dog will not bite kid,
And kid will not keep my house till I pick my beautiful bush of berries."

"Indeed," said the mouse, "I 'll not gnaw the rope, for the rope never did me any harm."

[illegible] a cat

Water will not quench fire,
Fire will not burn stick,
Stick will not beat dog,
Dog will not bite kid,
And kid will not keep my house till I pick my beautiful bush of berries."

"Indeed," said the cat, "I 'll not kill the mouse, for the mouse never did me any harm."

"Do it," said the woman, "and I 'll give you milk and bread."

With that, the cat ran to kill the mouse, the mouse ran to gnaw the rope, the rope ran to hang the smith, the smith ran to grind

e ox,

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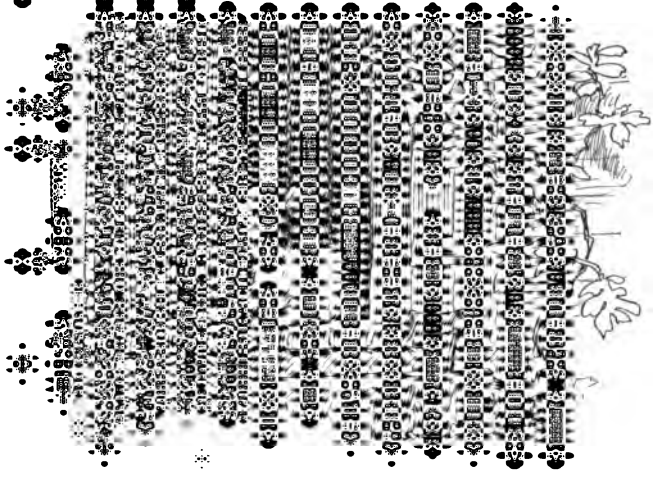

THE OTHER PIG

One day, while she was sweeping
the floor, she found a little

"What shall I do
with it? I will go to
market and buy a pig."

So, when she came home, she
put the little pig would

She went a little further, and she met a dog. So she said to the dog:

"Dog, dog, bite pig;
Pig won't go over the stile,
And I shall not get home
to-night."

But the dog would not.

She went a little further, and she met a stick. So she said:

"Stick, stick, beat dog;
Dog won't bite pig,
Pig won't get over the stile,
And I shall not get home
to-night."

But the stick would not.

She went a little further, and she met a fire. So she said:

"Fire, fire, burn stick;
Stick won't beat dog,
Dog won't bite pig,
Pig won't get over the stile,
And I shall not get home
to-night."

But the fire would not.

She went a little further, and she met some water. So she said:

"Water, water, quench fire;
Fire won't burn stick,
Stick won't beat dog,
Dog won't bite pig,
Pig won't get over the stile,

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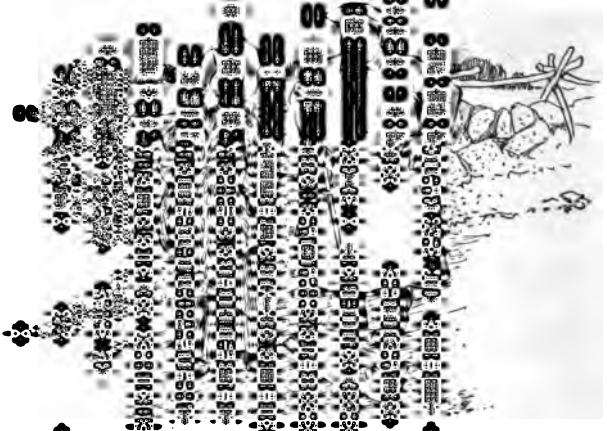

rther, and
she said:
ill ox;
ber,

Water won't quench fire,
Fire won't burn stick,
Stick won't beat dog,
Dog won't bite pig,
Pig won't go.
I see by the moonlight,
It 's long past midnight;
Time pig and I were home
an hour and a half ago."

But the butcher would not.

She went a little further and she met a rope. So she said:

"Rope, rope, hang butcher;
Butcher won't kill ox,
Ox won't drink water,
Water won't quench fire,

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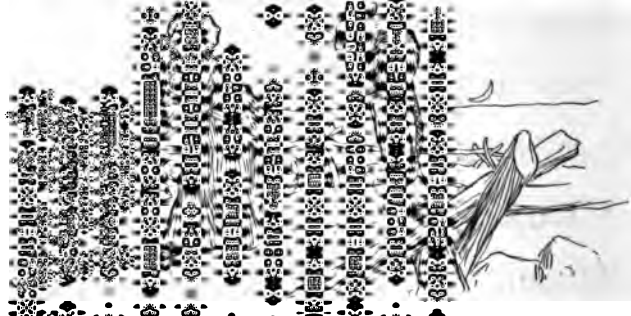


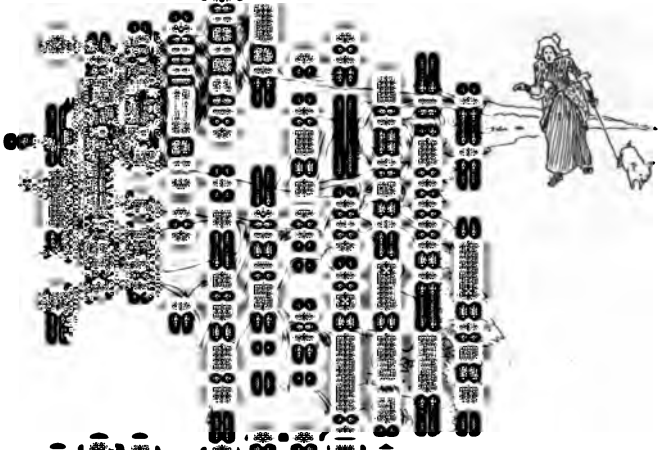
rther, and

said:

"Rat, rat, gnaw rope;
Rope won't hang butcher,
Butcher won't kill ox,
Ox won't drink water,
Water won't quench fire,
Fire won't burn stick,
Stick won't beat dog,
Dog won't bite pig,
Pig won't go.
I see by the moonlight,
It 's long past midnight;
Time pig and I were home
an hour and a half ago."

But the rat would not.

She went a little further, and she met a cat. So she said:



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[illegible]

Pig won't go.

I see by the moonlight,

It 's long past midnight;

Time pig and I were home an hour and a half ago."

But the cat said to her:

"If you will go to yonder cow, and fetch me a saucer of milk, I will kill the rat."

So away went the old woman to the cow.

But the cow said to her:

"If you will go to yonder hay-stack, and fetch me a handful of hay, I 'll give you the milk."

So away went the old woman to

the haystack, and she brought the hay to the cow.

As soon as the cow had eaten the hay, she gave the old woman the milk; and away she went with it in a saucer to the cat.

As soon as the cat had lapped the milk,

The cat began to kill the rat,
The rat began to gnaw the rope,
The rope began to hang
the butcher,
The butcher began to kill the ox,
The ox began to drink the water,
The water began to quench
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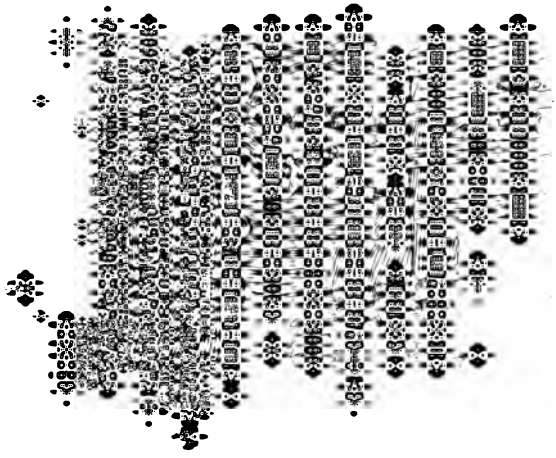

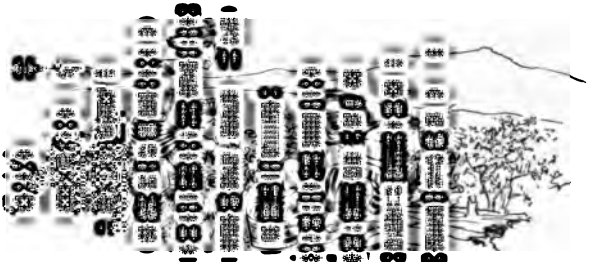

MUNACHAR

Munachar and
pick rasp-
Munachar
would eat.
must go look
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one; and

unachar?"

"It is my own news. I am seeking a rod to lay on Manachar, who ate my raspberries, every one."

"You will not get me," said the rod, "until you get an ax to cut me."

He came to the ax.

"What news to-day, Munachar?" said the ax.

"It is my own news. I am seeking an ax, an ax to cut a rod, a rod to lay on Manachar, who ate my raspberries, every one."

"You will not get me," said the ax, "until you get a stone to grind me."

He came to the stone.

"What news to-day, Munachar?" said the stone.

"It is my own news. I am seeking a stone, a stone to grind an ax, an ax to cut a rod, a rod to lay on Manachar, who ate my raspberries, every one."

"You will not get me," said the stone, "until you get water to wet me."

He came to the water.

"What news to-day, Munachar?" said the water.

"It is my own news. I am seeking water, water to wet a stone,

ax to

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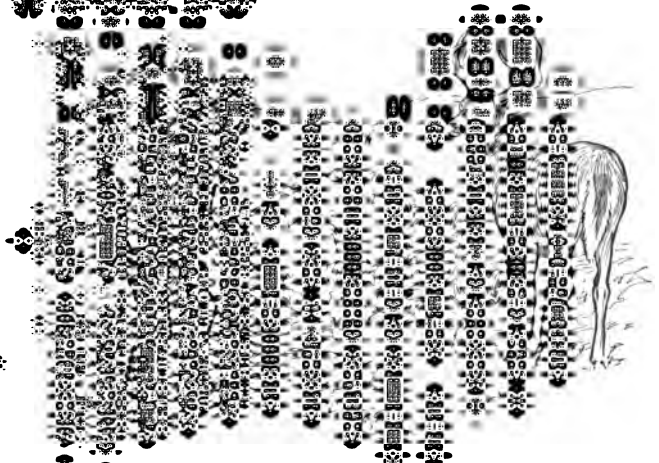

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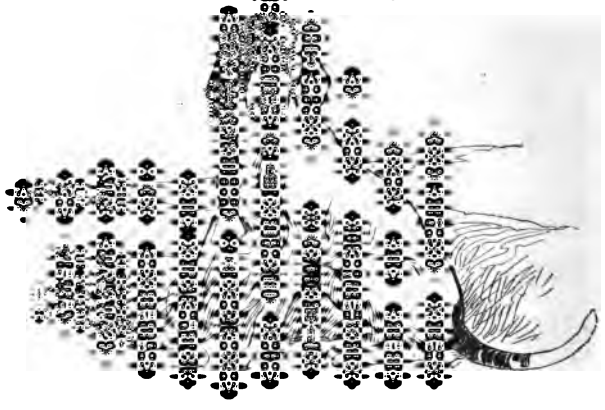


"What news to-day, Munachar?" said the hound.

"It is my own news. I am seeking a hound, a hound to hunt a deer, a deer to swim water, water to wet a stone, a stone to grind an ax, an ax to cut a rod, a rod to lay on Manachar, who ate my raspberries, every one."

"You will not get me," said the hound, "until you get a bit of butter to be rubbed on my feet."

He came to the butter.

"What news to-day, Munachar?" said the butter.

"It is my own news. I am

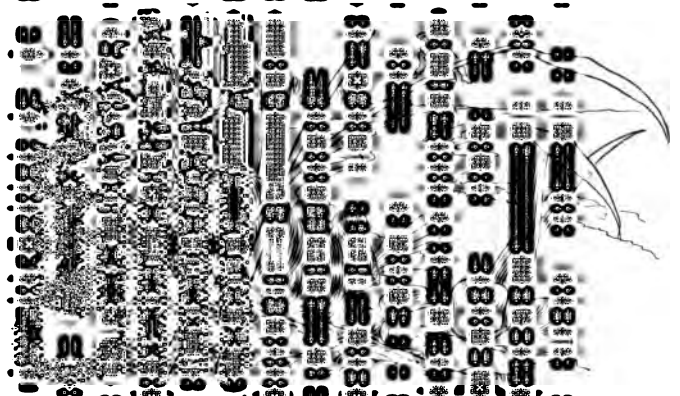
seeking butter, butter to go in the claw of a hound, a hound to hunt a deer, a deer to swim water, water to wet a stone, a stone to grind an ax, an ax to cut a rod, a rod to lay on Manachar, who ate my raspberries, every one."

"You will not get me," said the butter, "until you get a mouse to scrape me."

He came to the mouse.

"What news to-day, Munachar?" said the mouse.

"It is my own news. I am seeking a mouse, a mouse to scrape butter, butter to go in the claw of



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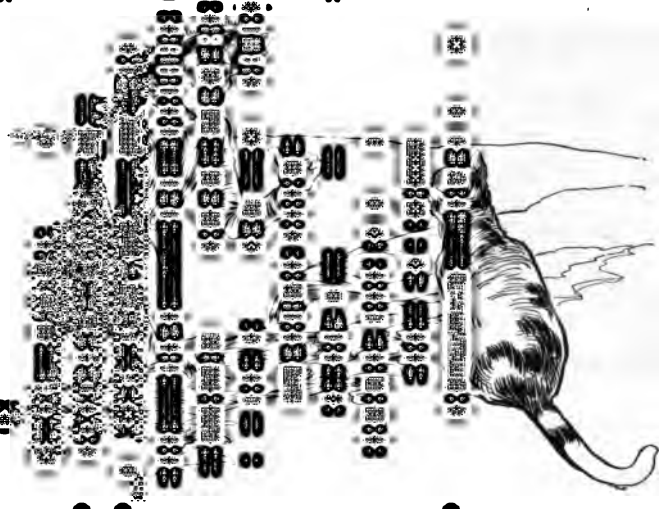

unachar?"

I am seek-

a mouse,

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to grind an ax, an ax to cut a rod, a rod to lay on Manachar, who ate my raspberries, every one."

"You will not get me," said the cat, "until you get me some milk from the cow."

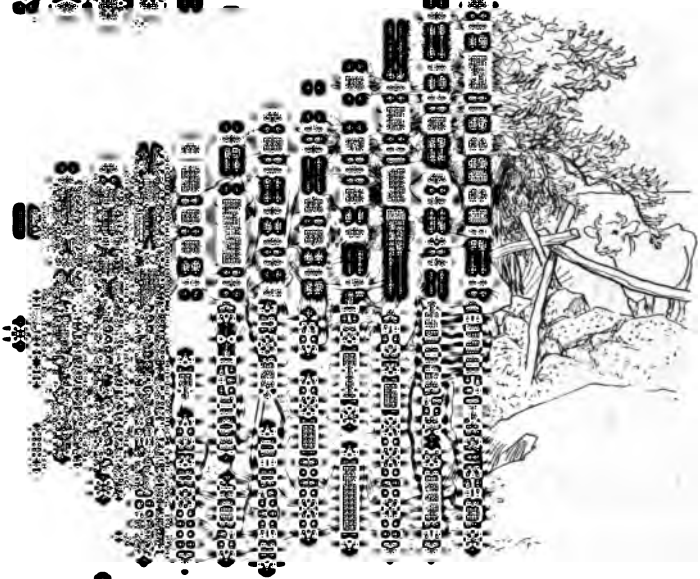
He came to the cow.

"What news to-day, Munachar?" said the cow.

"It is my own news. I am seeking milk, milk to give a cat, a cat to catch a mouse, a mouse to scrape butter, butter to go in the claw of a hound, a hound to hunt a deer, a deer to swim water, water to wet a stone, a stone to grind an ax,

to lay on

aspberries,



from me,"

you bring me

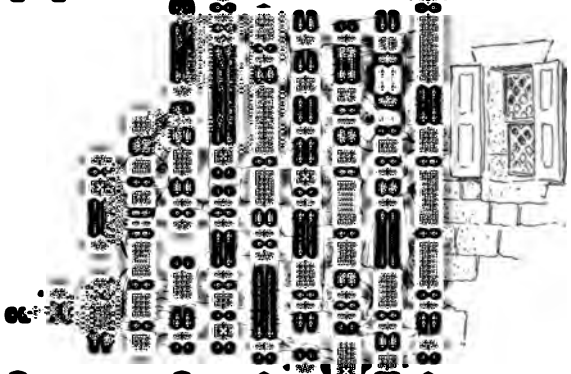
farmer."

farmer.

"What news to-day, Munachar?" said the farmer.

"It is my own news. I am seeking hay for a cow, a cow to give milk for a cat, a cat to catch a mouse, a mouse to scrape butter, butter to go in the claw of a hound, a hound to hunt a deer, a deer to swim water, water to wet a stone, a stone to grind an ax, an ax to cut a rod, a rod to lay on Manachar, who ate my raspberries, every one."

"You will get no hay from me," said the farmer, "until you bring me a cake from the baker."



[illegible] unachar?"

[illegible] I am seek-
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[illegible] ot to catch
[illegible] pe butter,
[illegible] f a hound,
[illegible] a deer to

swim water, water to wet a stone, a stone to grind an ax, an ax to cut a rod, a rod to lay on Manachar, who ate my raspberries, every one."

"You will get no cake from me," said the baker, "until you bring me the water to make it."

"How can I bring in water?" said Munachar; "there is no vessel but a sieve."

Munachar took the sieve and went over to the river, but as often as he would stoop and fill the sieve with water, the moment he raised it, the water would run

leed, if he
at day till
e filled it.

over his

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row," said
advice you

So he took the red clay that was by the river, and he rubbed it on the bottom of the sieve, and then the sieve held the water, and he brought the water to the baker; the baker gave him a cake, and he took the cake to the farmer; the farmer gave him a wisp of hay, and he took the hay to the cow; the cow gave him some milk, and he took the milk to the cat.

Then the cat caught the mouse, the mouse scraped the butter, the butter went into the claw of the hound, the hound hunted the deer, the deer swam the water,

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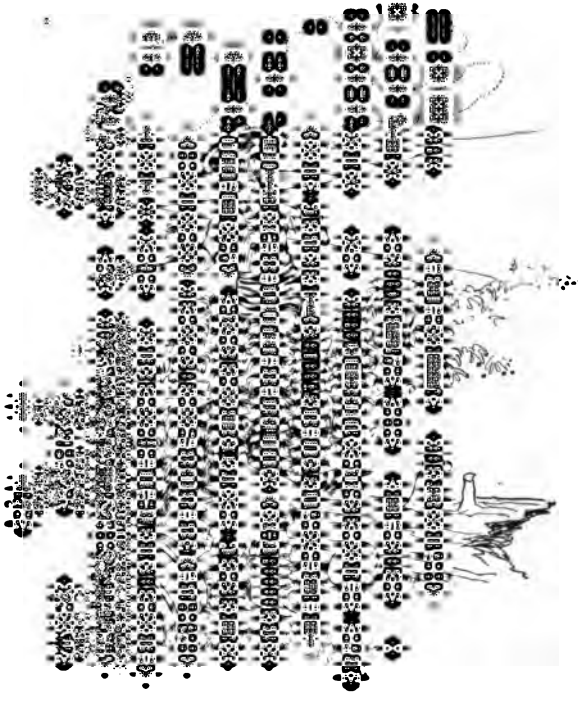
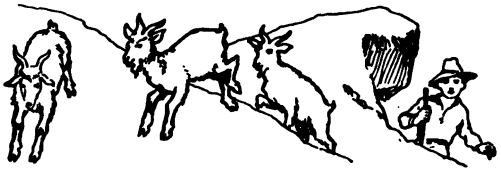
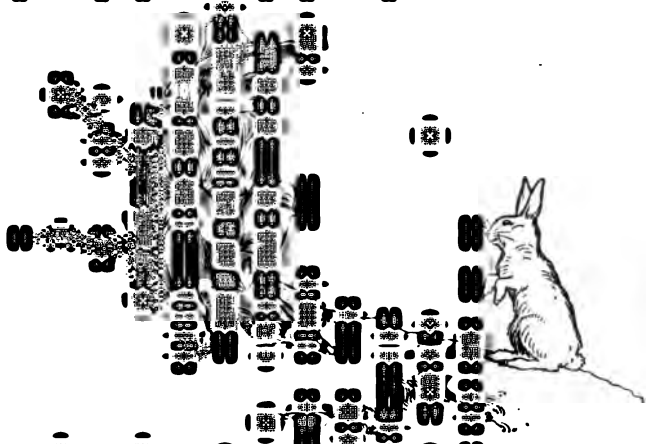




THE BOY AND THE GOATS

Now you shall hear!

There was once a boy who had three goats. All day they leaped and pranced and skipped and climbed up on the rocky hill, but at night the boy drove them home. One night, when he went to meet them, the frisky things leaped into a turnip field, and he could not get them out. Then the boy sat down on the hillside and cried.



[illegible] hare came

[illegible]?" asked

[illegible] can't get

[illegible]eld," an-

[illegible] hare.

[illegible]ats would

not come. Then the hare, too, sat down and cried.

Along came a fox.

"Why do you cry?" asked the fox.

"I am crying because the boy cries," said the hare; "and the boy is crying because he cannot get the goats out of the turnip field."

"*I 'll* do it!" said the fox.

So the fox tried, but the goats would not come. Then the fox also sat down and cried.

Soon after a wolf came along.

"Why do you cry?" asked the wolf.

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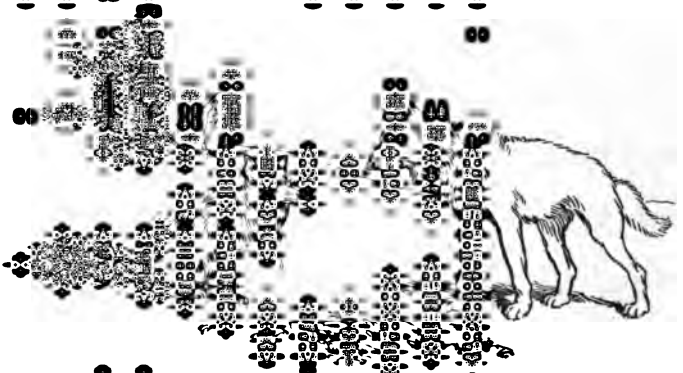


wolf.
ats would
o he sat
and began

After a little, a bee flew over the hill and saw them all sitting there crying.

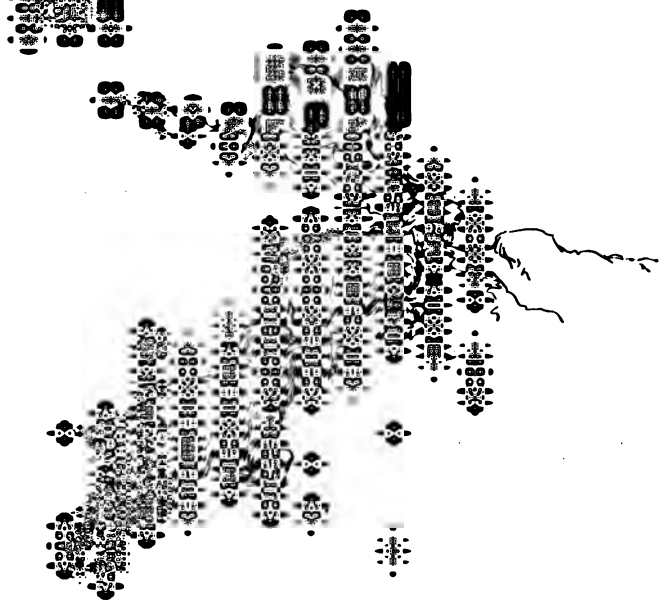
"Why do you cry?" said the bee to the wolf.

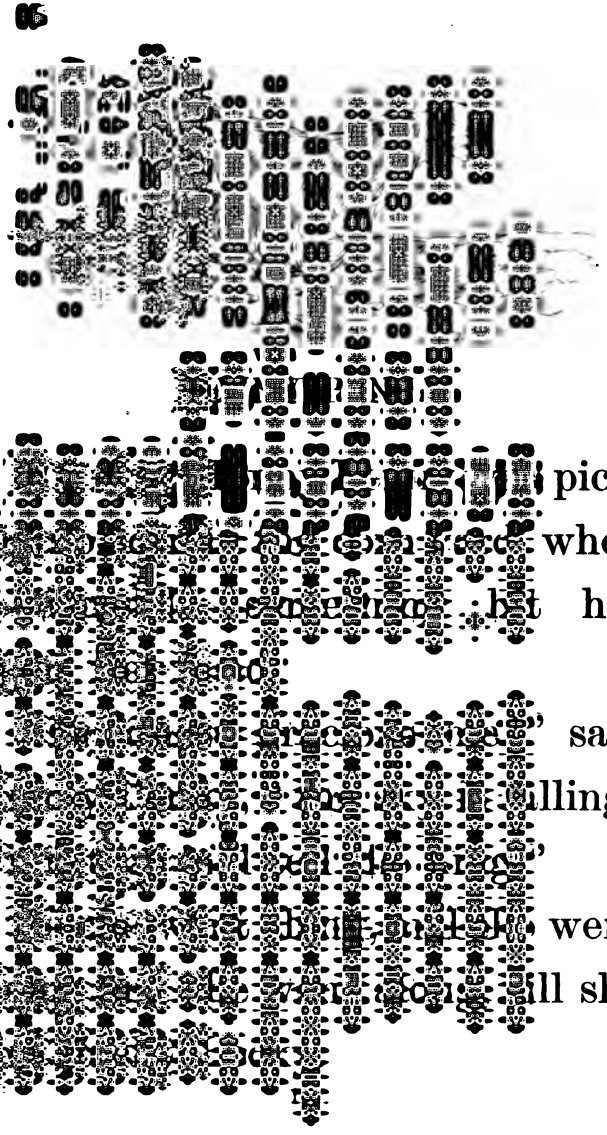
"I am crying because the fox cries; and the fox cries because the hare cries; and the hare cries because the boy cries; and the boy cries because he can't get the goats out of the turnip field."

"*I'll* do it!" said the bee.

Then the big animals and the boy all stopped crying a moment to laugh at the tiny bee. *He* do it, indeed, when they could not! But

[illegible] way into [illegible] upon one [illegible] oats, every





"Where are you going, Henny Penny?" said Cocky Locky.

"Oh! I 'm going to tell the king the sky is falling," said Henny Penny.

"May I come with you?" said Cocky Locky.

"Certainly," said Henny Penny.

So Henny Penny and Cocky Locky went to tell the king the sky was falling.

They went along, and they went along, and they went along, till they met Ducky Lucky.

"Where are you going, Henny Penny and Cocky Locky?" said

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So they went along, and they went along, and they went along, till they met Goosey Loosey.

"Where are you going, Henny Penny, Cocky Locky, and Ducky Lucky?" said Goosey Loosey.

"Oh! we 're going to tell the king the sky is falling," said Henny Penny, Cocky Locky, and Ducky Lucky.

"May I come with you?" said Goosey Loosey.

"Certainly," said Henny Penny, Cocky Locky, and Ducky Lucky.

So Henny Penny, Cocky Locky, Ducky Lucky, and Goosey Loosey

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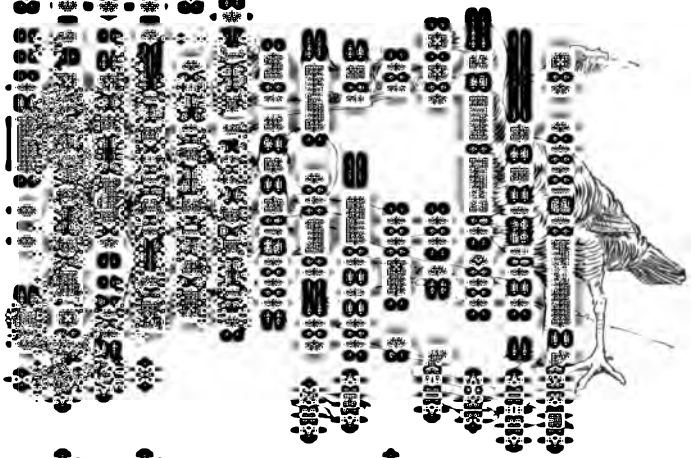

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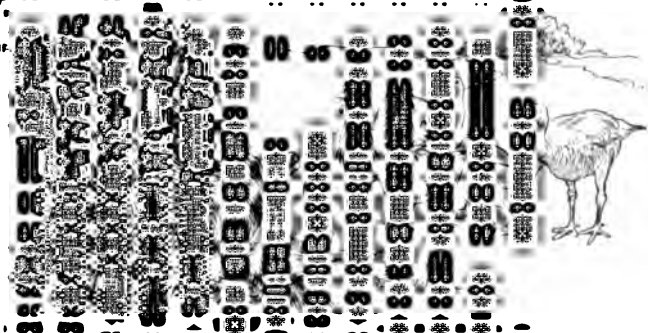
"Oh! we 're going to tell the king the sky is falling," said Henny Penny, Cocky Locky, Ducky Lucky, and Goosey Loosey.

"May I come with you, Henny Penny, Cocky Locky, Ducky Lucky, and Goosey Loosey?" said Turkey Lurkey.

"Oh, certainly, Turkey Lurkey," said Henny Penny, Cocky Locky, Ducky Lucky, and Goosey Loosey.

So Henny Penny, Cocky Locky, Ducky Lucky, Goosey Loosey, and Turkey Lurkey all went to tell the king the sky was falling.

So they went along, and they



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Turkey Lurkey said to Foxy Woxy:

"We 're going to tell the king the sky is falling."

"Oh! but this is not the way to the king, Henny Penny, Cocky Locky, Ducky Lucky, Goosey Loosey, and Turkey Lurkey," said Foxy Woxy; "I know the proper way. Shall I show it to you?"

"Oh, certainly, Foxy Woxy," said Henny Penny, Cocky Locky, Ducky Lucky, Goosey Loosey, and Turkey Lurkey.

So Henny Penny, Cocky Locky, Ducky Lucky, Goosey Loosey, Turkey Lurkey, and Foxy Woxy

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there if you follow me. I will go first, and you come after, Henny Penny, Cocky Locky, Ducky Lucky, Goosey Loosey, and Turkey Lurkey."

"Why, of course, certainly, without doubt; why not?" said Henny Penny, Cocky Locky, Ducky Lucky, Goosey Loosey, and Turkey Lurkey.

So Foxy Woxy went into his cave, but he did not go very far, and turned around to wait for Henny Penny, Cocky Locky, Ducky Lucky, Goosey Loosey, and Turkey Lurkey. So at last at first Turkey

Lurkey went through the dark hole into the cave. He had not gone far when "Hrumph," Foxy Woxy snapped off Turkey Lurkey's head and threw his body over his left shoulder. Then Goosey Loosey went in, and "Hrumph," off went her head, and Goosey Loosey was thrown beside Turkey Lurkey. Then Ducky Lucky waddled down, and "Hrumph," snapped Foxy Woxy, and Ducky Lucky's head was off, and Ducky Lucky was thrown alongside Turkey Lurkey and Goosey Loosey. Then Cocky Locky strutted down into the cave,

and he had not gone far when "Snap, Hrumph!" went Foxy Woxy, and Cocky Locky was thrown alongside Turkey Lurkey, Goosey Loosey, and Ducky Lucky.

Now Foxy Woxy had made two bites at Cocky Locky, and when the first snap only hurt Cocky Locky, but did n't kill him, he called out to Henny Penny. Then she turned tail, and off she ran home, so she never told the king the sky was falling.

THE PANCAKE

Once upon a time there was a woman who had seven hungry children, and she was frying a pancake for them. It was a sweet-milk pancake, and there it lay in the pan, bubbling and frizzling, so thick and good, that it was a sight for sore eyes to look at. And the children stood round about, and the father sat by and looked on.

"Oh, give me a bit of pancake, mother, dear; I am so hungry," said one child.

"Oh, darling mother," said the second.

"Oh, darling, good mother," said the third.

"Oh, darling, good, nice mother," said the fourth.

"Oh, darling, pretty, good, nice mother," said the fifth.

"Oh, darling, pretty, good, nice, clever mother," said the sixth.

"Oh, darling, pretty, good, nice, clever, sweet mother," said the seventh.

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When the pancake heard that, it got afraid, and in a trice it turned itself all by itself, and tried to jump out of the pan; but it fell back into it again, t' other side up, and so when it had been fried a little on the other side too, till it got firmer in its flesh, it sprang out on the floor, and rolled off like a wheel through the door and down the hill.

"Holloa! Stop, pancake!" and away went the mother after it, with the frying pan in one hand and the ladle in the other, as fast as she could, and her children

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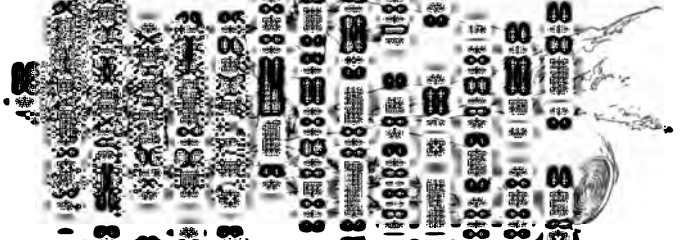

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"When I have given the slip to the mother, and the father, and the seven squalling children, I may well slip through your fingers, Manny Panny," said the pancake, and rolled on and on until it met a hen.

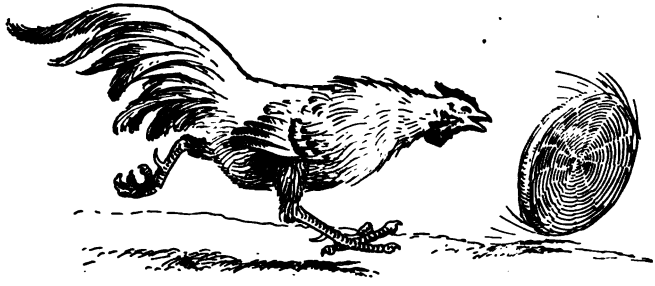
"Good morning, pancake," said the hen.

"Good morning, Henny Penny," said the pancake.

"Pancake, dear, don't roll so fast; bide a bit and let me eat you up," said the hen.

"When I have given the slip to the mother, and the father, and

the seven squalling children, and Manny Panny, I may well slip through your claws, Henny Penny," said the pancake, and so it rolled on like a wheel down the road.



Just then it met a cock.

"Good morning, pancake," said the cock.

"Good morning, Cocky Locky," said the pancake.

"Pancake, dear, don't roll so

fast, but bide a bit and let me eat you up."

"When I have given the slip to the mother, and the father, and the seven squalling children, and to Manny Panny, and Henny Penny, I may well slip through your claws, Cocky Locky," said the pancake, and off it set, rolling away as fast as it could; and when it had rolled a long way, it met a duck.

"Good morning, pancake," said the duck.

"Good morning, Ducky Lucky," said the pancake.

"Pancake, dear, don't roll so

fast, but bide a bit and let me eat you up."

"When I have given the slip to the mother, and the father, and the seven squalling children, and to Manny Panny, and Henny Penny, and Cocky Locky, I may well slip through your fingers, Ducky Lucky," said the pancake, and with that it took to rolling and rolling faster than ever; and when it had rolled a long, long while, it met a goose.

"Good morning, pancake," said the goose.

"Good morning, Goosey Loosey,"

said the pancake.

"Pancake, dear, don't roll so fast; bide a bit and let me eat you up."

"When I have given the slip to the mother, and the father, and the seven squalling children, and to Manny Panny, and Henny Penny, and Cocky Locky, and Ducky Lucky, I can well slip through your feet, Goosey Loosey," said the pancake, and off it rolled.

So when it had rolled a long, long way farther, it met a gander.

"Good morning, pancake," said the gander.

"Good morning, Gander Lander," said the pancake.

"Pancake, dear, don't roll so fast; bide a bit and let me eat you up."

"When I have given the slip to the mother, and the father, and the seven squalling children, and to Manny Panny, and Henny Penny, and Cocky. Locky, and Ducky Lucky, and Goosey Loosey, I may well slip through your feet,

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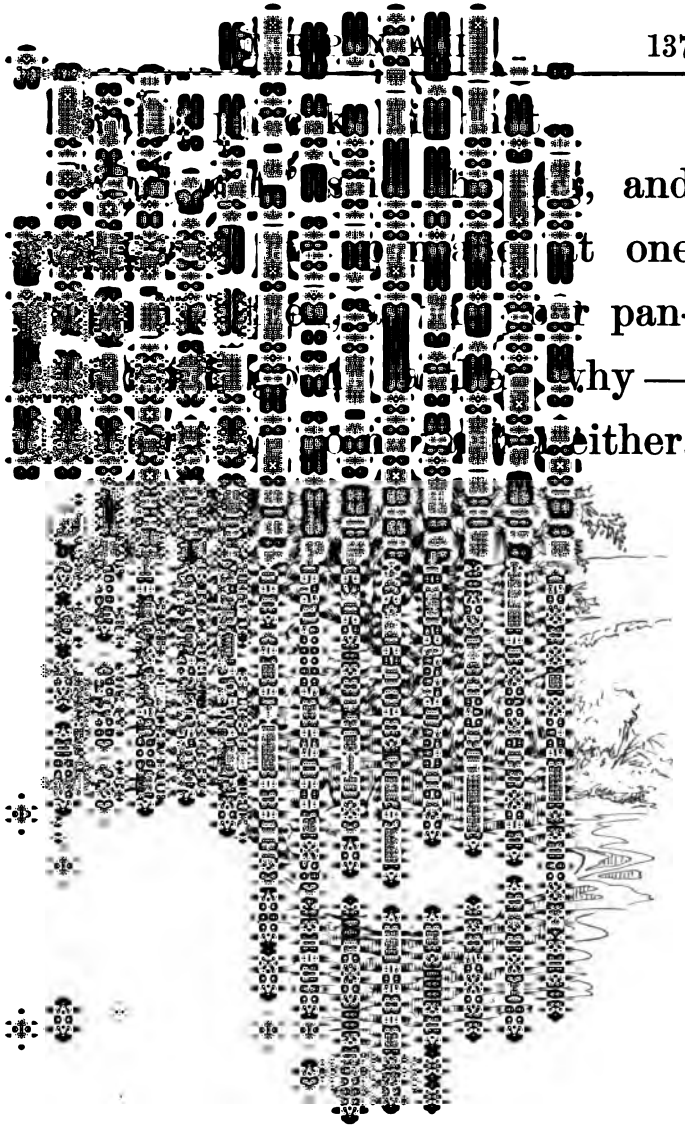
"Nay, nay," said the pig, "you need n't be in such a hurry; we two can then go side by side and see each other over the wood; they say it is not too safe in there."

The pancake thought there might be something in that, and so they kept company. But when they had gone awhile, they came to a brook. As for Piggy, he was so fat he swam safe across, — it was nothing to him; but the poor pancake could not get over.

"Seat yourself on my snout," said the pig, "and I 'll carry you over."



THE BUSY MOUSE

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Titty Mouse made a pudding, and Tatty Mouse made a pudding. So they both made a pudding.

Tatty Mouse put her pudding into the pot to boil; but when Titty went to put hers in, the pot tumbled over and scalded her to death.

Then Tatty sat down and wept.

A three-legged stool said, "Tatty, why do you weep?"

"Titty's dead," said Tatty, "and so I weep."

"Then," said the stool, "I 'll hop."

So the stool hopped.

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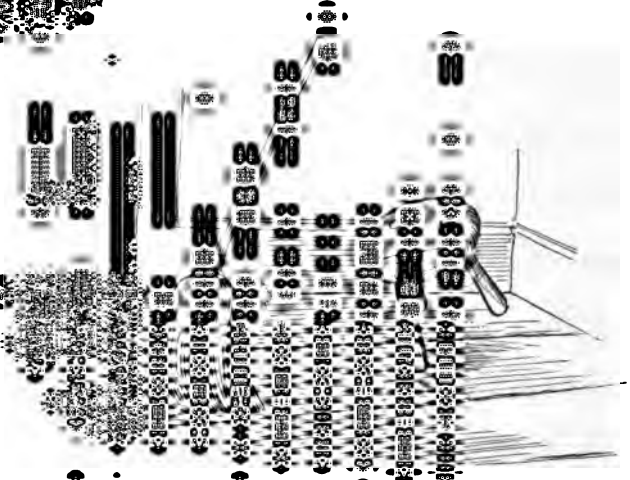

"Titty 's

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Then said the door, "Broom, why do you sweep?"

"Oh," said the broom, "Titty 's dead, and Tatty weeps, and the stool hops, and so I sweep."

"Then," said the door, "I 'll jar."

So the door jarred.

Then said the window, "Door, why do you jar?"

"Oh," said the door, "Titty 's dead, and Tatty weeps, and the stool hops, and the broom sweeps, and so I jar."

"Then," said the window, "I 'll creak."

So the window creaked.

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Now there was a fine large walnut tree growing by the cottage, and the tree said to the bench, "Bench, why do you run around the house?"

"Oh," said the bench, "Titty 's dead, and Tatty weeps, and the stool hops, and the broom sweeps, and the door jars, and the window creaks, and so I run around the house."

"Then," said the walnut tree, "I 'll shed my leaves."

So the walnut tree shed all its beautiful green leaves.

Now there was a little bird

perched on one of the boughs of the tree, and when all the leaves fell, it said, "Walnut tree, why do you shed your leaves?"

"Oh," said the tree, "Titty 's dead, and Tatty weeps, and the stool hops, and the broom sweeps, and the door jars, and the window creaks, and the old bench runs around the house, and so I shed my leaves."

"Then," said the little bird, "I 'll molt all my feathers."

So he molted all his pretty feathers.

Now there was a little girl

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Now there was an old man just by on the top of a ladder thatching a rick, and when he saw the little girl spill the milk, he said:

"Little girl, what do you mean by spilling the milk? — your little brothers and sisters must go without their supper."

Then said the little girl, "Titty 's dead, and Tatty weeps, and the stool hops, and the broom sweeps, and the door jars, and the window creaks, and the old bench runs around the house, and the walnut tree sheds its leaves, and the little bird molts all its

feathers, and so I spill the milk."

"Oh," said the old man, "then I 'll tumble off the ladder and break my neck."

So he tumbled off the ladder and broke his neck.

When the old man broke his neck, the walnut tree fell down with a crash, and upset the old bench and the house, and the house falling knocked the window out, and the window knocked the door down, and the door upset the broom, and the broom upset the stool, and poor little Tatty Mouse was buried beneath the ruins.

NOTES AND REFERENCES

THE KID. PAGE 15

The *Sepher Haggadah*, or story-book, contains the collection of hymns and stories on the exodus from Egypt that the Jews read and sing to their families on the first two days of the Passover festival. The kernel of the service is the account of the exodus accompanied by a commentary and devotional exercises. To this service the German Jews are supposed to have added, at the end of the sixteenth century, three popular songs, the last of which, in Chaldee, is "The Song of the Kid," beginning "Chad gadyâ."

The last two stanzas of "The Kid," omitted for obvious reasons from the pupils' version, are as follows :

Then came *the angel of death*,
and killed the butcher,
That slew the ox,
That drank the water, etc.

Then came *the Holy One*,
blessed be He!
And killed the angel of death,
That killed the butcher,
That slew the ox, etc.

A mystical meaning was attributed to this hymn in 1723 by Probst von der Hardt, who stated that the principle of the rhyme is found in Jeremiah xxx. 16: "All they that devour thee shall be devoured."

Mr. Halliwell states that Professor F. N. Leberecht of Leipzig first gave, in 1731, the following historical interpretation (afterward printed in the *Christian Reformer*, Vol. XVII, p. 28):

1. The kid, which was one of the pure animals, denotes the Hebrews.

The father by whom it was purchased is Jehovah, who represents himself as sustaining this relation to the Hebrew nation. The two pieces of money signify Moses and Aaron, through whose mediation the Hebrews were brought out of Egypt.

2. The cat denotes the Assyrians, by whom the ten tribes were carried into captivity.

3. The dog is symbolical of the Babylonians.

4. The staff signifies the Persians.

5. The fire indicates the Grecian empire under Alexander the Great.

6. The water betokens the Romans, or the fourth of the great monarchies to whose dominion the Jews were subjected.

7. The ox is a symbol of the Saracens, who subdued Palestine and brought it under the caliphate.

8. The butcher that killed the ox denotes the crusades, by which the Holy Land was wrested out of the hands of the Saracens.

9. The angel of death signifies the Turkish power, by which the land of Palestine was taken from the Franks, and to which it is still subject.

10. The commencement of the tenth stanza is designed to show that God will take signal vengeance on the Turks, immediately after whose overthrow the Jews are to be restored to their own land, and live under the government of their long-expected Messiah.

The origin of "The Song of the Kid" has been the theme of much learned discussion. When the hymn first attracted the attention of scholars, it was thought to be "the original of 'The House that Jack Built' and possibly all accumulative tales." Further investigation, however, led to the discovery that the manuscripts of the *Haggadah* in the National Library of Paris of the thirteenth, fourteenth, and fifteenth centuries do not contain this song. Indeed, it does not seem to have been known by the Sephardim, for it is not mentioned, Mr. Kohut states, by any rabbi of the

Middle Ages. The edition of the *Haggadah* of 1526 does not contain the song, but it is found in that of the year 1590 with a German translation. It is now, therefore, generally believed that this song was added by the German Jews; that the original was in Germany or Poland; and that the German story in turn was an adaptation of the French folk song, "The Kid and the Cabbage."

M. Basset, in the *Revue des traditions populaires*, 1890, t. V, p. 549, suggests that this type of folk song and story is "a survival of the old Greek custom at the sacrifice of the Bouphonia for the priest to contend that *he* had not slain the sacred beast; the ax declares that the handle did it; the handle transfers the guilt further, and so on." A remarkably interesting appearance of this shifting-responsibility element occurs in a Hottentot tale — "The Judgment of the Baboon," *Reynard the Fox in South Africa*, 1864, translated from original manuscripts in the library of Sir George Grey, K.C.B., by W. H. I. Bleek — where the mouse declares that *he* did not gnaw the tailor's clothes, but that the cat did it; the cat protests her innocence and accuses the dog, after which the guilt is shifted successively to the stick, the fire, the water, the elephant, and the ant.

Whatever may have been the remote origin of this rhyme, now popular in every corner of the earth, it is reasonable to suppose that it was orally current among the Hebrews long before it was reduced to writing. This idea, too, gains some color from the following suggestion by Professor Tylor, *Primitive Culture*, Vol. I, p. 86: "It seems a fair inference to think folklore nearest its source where it has its highest place and meaning. Thus, if some old rhyme or saying has in one place a solemn import in philosophy or religion, while elsewhere it lies at the level of the nursery, there is some ground for treating the more serious version as the more original and the playful one as its mere lingering survival."

THE KID AND THE CABBAGE. PAGE 21

Several provincial variations of "The Kid and the Cabbage" are mentioned by M. Gaston Paris (*Romania*, Vol. I, pp. 218–225, "La Chanson du Chevreau"), who says that they originally contain eight personages, — kid, wolf, dog, stick, fire, water, ox, butcher, — each chosen as the usual enemy of the one preceding.

This French song is now believed to be, indirectly through the German, the origin of the Hebrew hymn, "The Kid."

The German rhyme, supposed to be derived from the French and afterward the immediate source of the Hebrew version, is given in the following translation from Böhme's *Deutsches Kinderlied und Kinderspiel*, Leipzig, 1897, p. 263:

The master sends Jim into the field
To cut the oats.
Jim does not reap the oats,
Nor does he come home.

Then the master sends the dog
To bite Jim.
The dog does not bite Jim,
Jim does not reap the oats,
Nor does he come home.

Then the master sends in turn the stick, fire, water, ox, and finally:

Then the master sends the butcher
To kill the ox.
The butcher kills the ox,
The ox drinks the water, etc.

There is, it will be observed, a striking similarity between the French and the German variants, but neither resembles the Hebrew story so closely as the modern Greek rhyme, "The Cock that crowed in the Morn" (p. 27 of this volume), which is, both in spirit and in form, almost identical

with the song of "The Kid." The Hebrew and the Greek songs both begin with an injury to an innocent victim, after which, as in *Macbeth*, the act returns upon the doer. Now the law of retribution is not illustrated in the type to which the French and the German rhymes belong.

On the contrary, we have a guilty or obstinate creature who resists the will of another, and the whole point of the story is the finding of a motive strong enough to conquer the resistance. No tragedy occurs; threatened punishment is finally sufficient to produce the desired result.

THE COCK THAT CROWED IN THE MORN. PAGE 27

See note on page 152.

This Greek song and its Hebrew counterpart are mentioned in Dr. Wiener's "Essay on Modern Hebrew in its Relation to Modern Greek," *American Folklore Journal*, Vol. II, p. 320, as an illustration of the marked similarity of construction in the two languages.

THE HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT. PAGE 30

This famous English rhyme, incoherent and comic, is, no doubt, far from the primitive form, but, as Mr. Halliwell observes, it must be very old, as may be inferred from the mention of "the priest all shaven and shorn."

A remarkable parallel to this rhyme is the following somewhat shorter form current in Denmark (Thiele, *Danske Folkesagn*, Vol. II, p. 146, "Der har du det Huus som Jacob bygde").

There you have the house which Jack (Jacob) built!
There you have the malt which lay in the house which Jack built.

The Danish rhyme substitutes for the familiar rat a mouse, after which the series of personages is the same as

that of the English variant to "the maid who was forlorn," and then the Danish version concludes with:

There you have the clerk with pen and inkhorn,
Who married the maid who was forlorn,
Who milked the cow with the crumpled horn,
Which tossed the dog,
Which chased the cat,
Which killed the mouse,
Which ate the malt,
Which lay in the house which Jack built.

WHAT WE SHALL HAVE. PAGE 39

This Greek rhyme is closely parallel to "The House that Jack Built," but it has in its structure an unusual degree of pleasing variety.

THE CAT AND THE MOUSE. PAGE 47

This is a widespread, popular tale. In Armenia, it is said, mothers tell it to their children every evening; but in their version the victim is guilty, and when she recovers her tail it will not stick, — neither with resin, nor with tar, nor with glue, — so she cannot escape the *sign* of her sin.

Mr. Jacobs speaks of this story as "hardly more than a variant of 'The Old Woman and her Pig,'" but this view is not consistent with the fact that the tale is found in all languages and always with the same elements of distinction. A foolish or unfortunate or guilty creature loses or jeopardizes a treasure, after which she expiates her indiscretion by long journeys and difficult tasks. There is no ascending or descending scale of personages as regards strength or power or enmity; the series seems to be controlled by interdependence, — by the simplest needs suggested only at the climax of the other story where the cat receives milk. Each

successive demand is met by the little heroine, who, in humility, submission, and ceaseless endeavor, fulfills the law of atonement.

THE BILLY GOAT AND NANNY GOAT. PAGE 53

This quaint, picturesque Russian rhyme — a close parallel to the French and the German variants — dimly suggests in its refrain the lament of Tennyson's Mariana:

> She only said, "The day is dreary,
> He cometh not," she said;
> She said, "I am aweary, aweary,
> I would that I were dead!"

The situation of the nursery rhyme, however, is happily relieved by the enterprise and resourcefulness of the spirited, though unchivalric, little billy goat.

THE WOMAN AND HER BEAUTIFUL BUSH OF BERRIES. PAGE 63

The refractory kid of this Scotch tale is very close to the pig that would not get over the stile. The series of personages in the Scotch story is almost the same as that of "The Old Woman and her Pig"; and in one version the likeness is made complete by the following introduction:

There was a wife that lived in a wee house by herself, and as she was sweepin the house one day she found twal (two) pennies. So she thought to herself what she wad do wi her twal pennies, and at last she thought she couldna do better than gang wi 't to the market and buy a kid. Sae she gaed to the market and coffed a fine kid. And as she was gaun home, she spied a bonny bush of berries growin beside a brig. And she said to the kid: "Kid, kid, keep my house," etc.

THE OLD WOMAN AND HER PIG. PAGE 76

To the best known version of this favorite English story I have added the rhyme, "I see by the moonlight," etc., taken from the version in Professor Norton's *Heart of Oak Reader*, Book I.

That some such rhyme belonged to the early versions may be inferred from the fact that in a note on "The Woman and her Beautiful Bush of Berries," Mr. Chambers refers to the English variant, — "The Old Woman and her Pig," — and gives the following slightly different rhyme as a distinguishing feature of the story:

> Do, stick, beat pig, make piggy go;
> I see by the moonlight
> It's near past midnight,
> And I should have been home an hour ago.

Then, too, in the Danish variant (Thiele, *Danske Folkesagn*, Vol. II, p. 161, told of a pig named Fick), this rhyme occurs:

> Stick, beat Fick, I say!
> Piggie will not go home to-day!

The three English tales now given — "The House that Jack Built," "The Cat and the Mouse," "The Old Woman and her Pig" — are by some folklore scholars regarded as belonging to one class. If they are derived from a common source, it is a remarkable fact that the three stories are found in almost all languages, and that they always differ in certain fundamental features.

This tale is distinguished from each of the others by the guilt or obstinacy of one of the initial characters, by the continued resistance of each personage in the drama, and by the fact that no tragedy occurs; a compromise at the end results in a threat which is sufficient to start the desired

chain of action after the manner of bowling over a row of tenpins.

"The Old Woman and her Pig" is mentioned by Miss Bryant, in *How to tell Stories to Children*, p. 31, as one of three universal favorites with young children. The other two are "The Three Pigs" and "The Three Bears."

Games based upon this tale are found in America, England, Germany, Denmark, Italy, and many other countries. The following is given by Mr. Newell, *Games and Songs of American Children*, p. 134:

CLUB FIST

A child lays on a table his clenched fist, with the thumb elevated; another grasps the raised thumb with his own fist, and so on, until a pile of fists is built up. A player, who remains apart from the group, then addresses the child whose hand is at the top:

"What 's that?"
"A pear."
"Take it off or I 'll knock it off."

The same conversation is repeated with the next child, and so on; the fist being withdrawn as speedily as possible, to escape a rap from the questioner. When only one is left, the following dialogue ensues:

"What have you got there?"
"Bread and cheese."
"Where 's my share?"
"Cat 's got it."
"Where 's the cat?"
"In the woods."
"Where 's the woods?"
"Fire burned it."

"Where 's the fire?"
"Water quenched it."
"Where 's the water?"
"Ox drank it."
"Where 's the ox?"
"Butcher killed it."
"Where 's the butcher?"
"Rope hung him."
"Where 's the rope?"
"Rat gnawed it."
"Where 's the rat?"
"Cat caught it."
"Where 's the cat?"

"Behind the church door. The first who laughs, or grins, or shows the teeth has three pinches and three knocks."

Then follows a general scattering; for some child is sure to laugh, and if he does not do so of his own accord, his neighbors will certainly tweak him, poke him, or otherwise excite his risibility.

MUNACHAR AND MANACHAR. Page 88

Of all Gaelic tales, this, Mr. J. F. Campbell says, is the best known. "It is," he continues, "the infant ladder to learning a chain of cause and effect, and fully as sensible as any of its kind. It used to be commonly taught to children of five or six years of age, and repeated by schoolboys, and it is still remembered by grown-up people in all parts of the Highlands."

Instead of the Gaelic title, "Murchag a's Mionachag," I have used the title of the Celtic variant translated by Dr. Hyde for Mr. Yeats's *Irish Folk and Fairy Tales.* The conclusion of the Irish story is: "And when he had it (the gad) ready — I 'll go bail Manachar was far enough away from him."

THE BOY AND THE GOATS. PAGE 105

This Norse tale, found by Miss Emilie Poulsson in an old Norse reader, belongs to a type which, if one may judge from printed collections, is not so well known as the other types here illustrated. Interesting variants, however, are given in Russian, Italian, and Portuguese collections.

In this story the series of personages forms a scale which suddenly decreases in physical power, and the conquest is made "not by might but by spirit."

HENNY PENNY. PAGE 111

This simple satire on hasty conclusions and implicit credulity is widespread. The English version given by Halliwell, *Popular Rhymes and Nursery Tales*, p. 29, attributes the original blunder to a little chicken, and the title of the story is therefore "Chicken Little." Foreign variants, however, are usually launched with the hen as the first offender.

Commenting on this version, which he brought from Australia, Mr. Joseph Jacobs says: "The fun consists in the avoidance of all pronouns, which results in jaw-breaking sentences almost equal to the celebrated 'She stood at the door of the fish-sauce shop, welcoming him in.'"

THE PANCAKE. PAGE 123

This is the Norse variant of a widely current tale known in America as "Johnny-Cake" and as "The Gingerbread Man." The latter has the refrain:

> Run, run as fast as you can;
> You can't catch me, — I 'm the gingerbread man!

The most dramatic and humorous of all variants on this theme are the Scotch tales in Chambers' *Popular Rhymes*,

but owing to their mechanical difficulties they could not be included in this volume.

Patrick Kennedy's *Fireside Stories of Ireland*, p. 19, contains a curious variant of this type, in which the origin of the cake is explained by our familar story of "The Little Red Hen," who does all the work, but just as she is about to enjoy the reward of her industry, the cake "rins off!" and then follows this theme of the rolling cake.

TITTY MOUSE AND TATTY MOUSE. PAGE 138

Every language has its "universal calamity" tale very similar in construction to this English variant.

This curious droll is one of which children are very fond; they seem to know intuitively that it is a nonsense tale and that the ill-fated mouse and the dislocated neck are no more to be mourned than is Edward Lear's thin man of Berlin, who, by mistake, was mixed up in a cake.

The type of story illustrated by "Titty Mouse and Tatty Mouse" is distinguished by an accidental rather than a logical series, and by action which, although illogical and even absurd, is always sympathetic and self-imposed, — the "weep with those who weep" variety.

In Benfey's *Einleitung zu Pantschatantra*, Vol. I, pp. 190–191, is the suggestion that this type of story may be a parody on the Indian tales, illustrating the moral, "what great events from small occasions rise!" "Thus a drop of honey falls on the ground, a fly goes after it, a bird snaps at the fly, a dog goes for the bird, another dog goes for the first, the masters of the two dogs — who happen to be kings — quarrel and go to war, whole provinces are devastated, all for a drop of honey!"

Owing to the general grief, this type of story strongly suggests the universal bewailing of the death of Baldur.